

OLD SONGS  
OF THE CHURCH



#1

# OLD SONGS

*of the*

# CHURCH

*Presented to*

---

*With the Compliments of*  
**PHILADELPHIA MEMORIAL PARK**  
*“The Garden of Memory”*

1829 Newkirk St. The 3rd  
Mrs. Fred Wood 1527 W. 10th

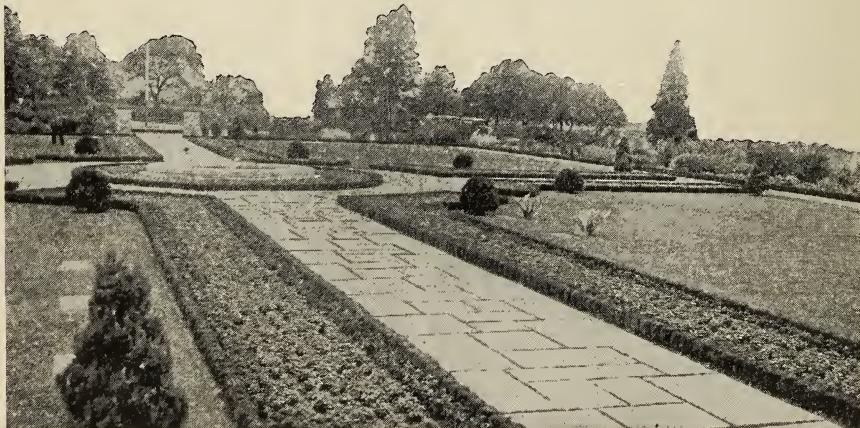
# PHILADELPHIA MEMORIAL PARK

*A Cemetery  
Without Tombstones*

The builders of this "Garden of Memory" entertain the conviction that death and the necessary funeral arrangements should be surrounded by as few signs and symbols of mourning as good taste and the conventions will permit, and that the remains of the departed should rest amid scenes the cultured beauty of which should be in harmony with the tenets of Hope, Faith and Immortality by which they have lived and died.

*"A cemetery yet a lovely  
garden spot,  
Where naught of woe obtrudes  
its melancholy,—"*

EXECUTIVE OFFICES  
SUITE 920-21  
FIDELITY-PHILADELPHIA TRUST BLDG.  
PEN. 0307



A glimpse of the beautiful PORTAL GARDEN, first completed unit of Philadelphia Memorial Park, located at Frazer in the beautiful Chester Valley

# In the Garden.

C. A. M.

*Slowly.*

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the ros - es; And the  
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their singing And the  
3. I'd stay in the garden with Him Tho' the night around me be fall - ing, But He

voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear; The Son of God dis - clos - es  
mel - o - dy, That He gave to me; With - in my heart is ring - ing.  
bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His voice to me is call - ing.

CHORUS.

And He walks with me, and He talks with me, And He tells me I am His own,

And the joy we share as we tar - ry there, None oth- er has ev - er known.

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NOTE.—On all "Talking Machine" records.

# Dear Lord, I am Ready to Go.

"Ready to do whatsoever my Lord the King shall appoint."—2 SAM. 15:15.

Mrs. J. I. McCLELLAND.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. I hear Je - sus call me to fol - low, Dear Lord, I am  
 2. His path may be through the deep shad - ows, Dear Lord, I am  
 3. That some - one may know my dear Sav - iour, Dear Lord, I am

read - y to go, Where He leads the way. By night and by day,  
 read - y to go; My light He will be, And all things to me,  
 read - y to go; For souls I would win In this world of sin,

CHORUS.

Dear Lord, I am read - y to go. I will go,..... I will go,  
 I will go,

go,..... Wher - ev - er He calls me to go;..... For  
 I will go, I will go;

He is my Shep-herd, I know,..... I'll go,..... I'll go.....  
 I know, I'll go, I'll go, I'll go.

# Good Morning to Heaven.

3

W. C. POOLE.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. When the night is o'er, On the Day Break Shore, On the morn of that endless day,
2. With the voy-age past, And my an-chor cast, Vic-to - ry for me shall be won,
3. With the day-break song, Of that wondrous throng, Singing to our Lord and our King,



There is welcome there, In that cit - y fair, And I'm go - ing up there to stay.  
As the gates swing wide, And I step in-side, I shall hear my Lord say, "Well done."  
I will join some day, As I go to stay, Where His prais-es shall ev - er ring.



## CHORUS.



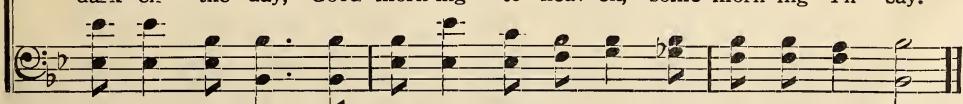
Good morn-ing to heav-en, some morn-ing, I'll say, Good morn-ing to



heav-en, and go there to stay, Where nev - er a shad - ow shall



dark - en the day, Good morn-ing to heav-en, some morn-ing I'll say.



## Walking in the King's Highway.

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY

B. D. ACKLEY.



1. Days are filled with glad - ness, nights are filled with song, Walk-ing in the  
 2. Mu - sic from the home land fills me with de - light, Walk-ing in the  
 3. Crown'd with ten - der mer - cies, guard - ed by His love, Walk-ing in the



high - way,.....

King's high-way; . . . .

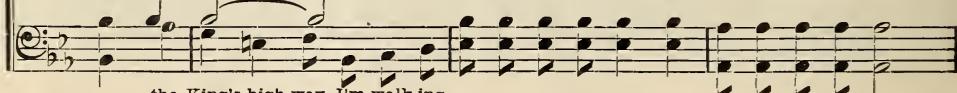
And the world grows brighter, as we pass a - long,

King's high-way; . . . .

Vis-ions of the glo - ry break up-on my sight,

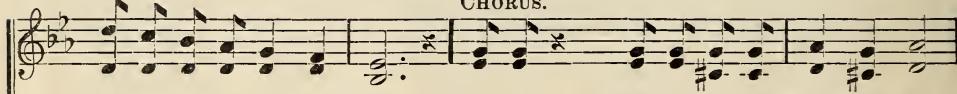
King's high-way; . . . .

Je-sus gives a fore-taste of the joys a - bove,

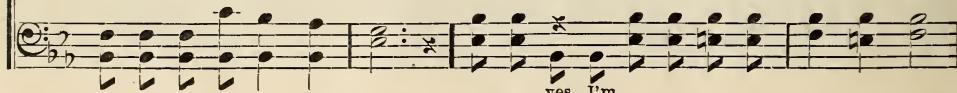


the King's high-way I'm walk-ing,

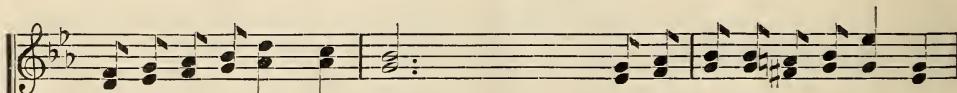
## CHORUS.



Walk-ing in the King's high-way. Walking, walk-ing in the King's high-way,

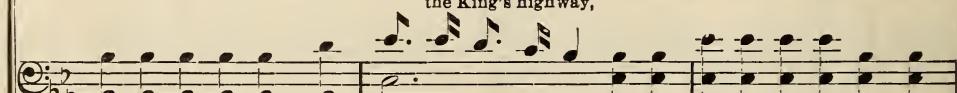


yes, I'm



Walking in the King's high-way To the place of ma - ny mansions,

the King's highway,



I shall come at last, Walk-ing in the King's high - way.



# Sunrise.

5

W. C. POOLE.

B. D. ACKLEY.

SOLO.



1. When I shall come to the end of my way, When I shall  
 2. When in His beau - ty I see the great King, Join with the  
 3. When life is o - ver and day - light is past, In heav - en's



rest at the close of life's day, When "Wel-come home" I shall  
 ran - somed His prais - es to sing, When I shall join them my  
 har - bor my an - chor is cast, When I see Je - sus my



hear Je - sus say, O that will be sun - rise for me. ....  
 trib - utes to bring, O that will be sun -rise for me. ....  
 Sav - iour at last, O that will be sun -rise for me. ....



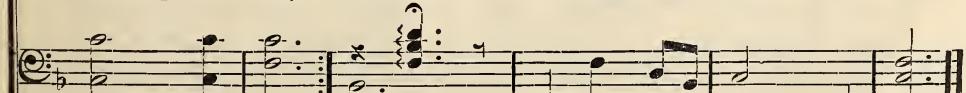
CHORUS.



Sun -rise to - mor -row, sun -rise to - mor -row, Sun -rise in glo - ry is  
 (Omit.....)



wait - ing for me; Sun -rise with Je -sus for e - ter - ni - ty.



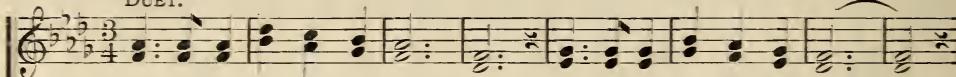
## Whispering Hope.

"We \* \* rejoice in hope of the glory of God."—ROMANS 5: 2.

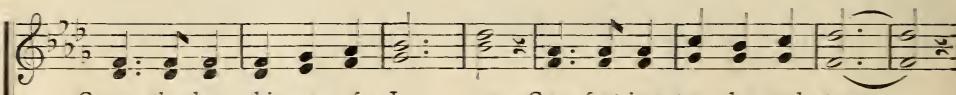
Mrs. J. I. McCLELLAND.

Arr. by CLYDE WILLARD.  
From "Whispering Hope."

## DUET.



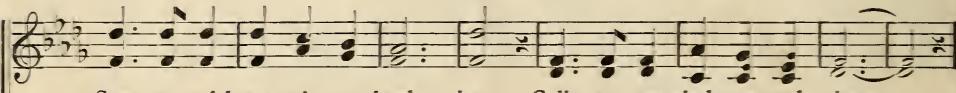
1. Like the faint dawn of the morn - ing, Like the sweet freshness of dew,
2. Sing-ing the song of for-give - ness, Soft - ly I hear in my soul,
3. Hope is an an - chor to keep us, Hold-ing both steadfast and sure;



Comes the dear whis-per of Je - sus, Com-fort-ing, ten - der and true.  
Je - sus has conquered for - ev - er Sin with its fear - ful con - trol.  
Hope brings a won - der - ful cleans - ing, Thro' His blood, making us pure.



Dark-ness gives way to the sun - light, While His voice falls on my ear;  
Whis - per-ing cour-age for war - fare, Bend-ing Thine ear when I pray;  
Whis - per-ing hope of His com - ing, How my heart thrills at His Word!



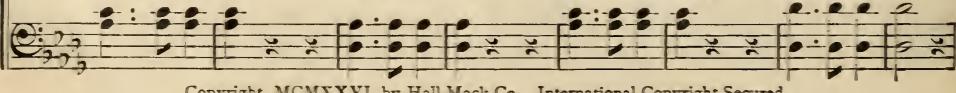
Sea-sons of heav-en's re - fresh - ing, Call to new glad-ness and cheer.  
Glo - ri - ous, ris - en Re-deem - er, O how I praise Thee to - day!  
O to be watching and wait - ing, Read - y to wel-come the Lord!



## CHORUS.



Whis - per-ing hope,..... like the song..... of the an - gels,  
Whis - per-ing hope, whis-per-ing hope, Angel's sweet song, angel's sweet song,



# Whispering Hope.—Concluded.

7

Je-sus, Thy love..... is sweet mu-sic to me.....  
Je-sus, Thy love, Je-sus, Thy love, is sweet mu-sic, sweet mu-sic to me.....

\* Small notes for Alto.

JENNIE EVELYN HUSSEY.  
*Slowly.*

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

## Lead Me to Calvary.

1. King of my life, I crown Thee now, Thine shall the glo-ry be;  
2. Show me the tomb where Thou wast laid, Ten-der-ly mourn'd and wept;  
3. Let me like Ma-ry, thro' the gloom, Come with a gift to Thee;  
4. May I be will-ing, Lord, to bear Dai-ly my cross for Thee;

Lest I for-get Thy thorn-crown'd brow, Lead me to Cal-va-ry.  
An-gels in robes of light ar-rayed Guard-ed Thee while Thou slept.  
Show to me now the emp-tiy tomb, Lead me to Cal-va-ry.  
E-ven Thy cup of grief to share, Thou hast borne all for me.

CHORUS.

Lest I for-get Geth-sem-a-ne; Lest I for-get Thine ag-o-ny;

Lest I for-get Thy love for me, Lead me to Cal-va-ry.

## Romans VI.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. I am not un - der law, I'm un - der grace, As it tells me in His Word,
2. "Whether sin un - to death, or right - eous - ness, In o - be - di - ence al - way,"
3. "Sin shall not have do - min - ion o - ver me," For in grace I shall a - bide,
4. "For the wa - ges of sin is death" in - deed, As 'tis writ - ten in His Word,



It is grace that provides for me a place At the ta - ble of my Lord.  
 Know ye not that to whom yourselves ye yield, Ye are His whom ye o - bey.  
 And a serv - ant of righteous - ness I'd be, Since the Righteous for me died.  
 But the gift of our God, e - ter - nal life, Is thro' Je - sus Christ, the Lord.

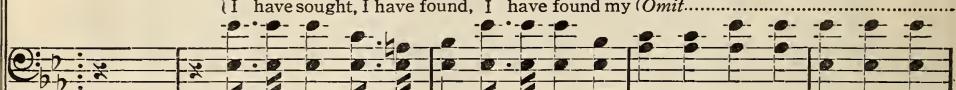


CHORUS.

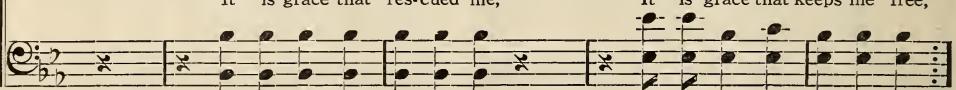


{ I am not, un - der law, I'm un - der grace,  
 { I have sought, I have found my (Omit.....

{ I am not un - der law, un - der law, I'm un - der grace, I'm un - der grace,  
 { I have sought, I have found, I have found my (Omit.....



It is grace that res - cued me, It is grace that keeps me free,  
 It is grace that res - cued me, It is grace that keeps me free,



hid - ing place, I am not un - der law, I'm un - der grace.  
 hid - ing place, my hid - ing place,



# There's a New Day Dawning.

9

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Go forth to serve, as Je-sus went, To min-is-ter to men;  
2. Be loy-al to God's Ho-ly Word, De-liv-ered to the saints;  
3. Seek Christ, His will, His sac-ri-fice, His bless-ed way to live;

A mes-sen-ger from heav-en sent, To do His work a-gain.  
Hold fast the truth that you have heard A- gainst the world's com-plaints.  
Let self die out, Christ shall suf-fice, To Him your spir-it give.

## CHORUS.

10.

## I Belong to the King.

IDA L. REED.

SOLO OR DUET.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. I be-long to the King, I'm a child of his love, I shall dwell in his  
 2. I be-long to the King, and he loves me I know, For his mer-ey and  
 3. I be-long to the King, and his promise is sure, That we all shall be

pal-ace so fair; For he tells of its bliss in yon heav-en a-bove, And his  
 kindness, so free, Are un-ceas-ing-ly mine, wher-so ev-er I go, And my  
 gathered at last In his kingdom a-bove, by life's wa-ters so pure, When this

## CHORUS.

chil-dren its splen-dors shall share. }  
 ref-uge un-fail-ing is he. }  
 life with its tri-als is past. } I be-long to the King, I'm a

child of his love, And he nev-er for-sak-eth his own; He will call me some

day to his pal-ace a-bove, I shall dwell by his glo-ri-fied throne.

# Jesus Set the Music Ringing.

11

Rev. GEORGE O. WEBSTER.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. You ask what makes me happy The whole day long, Why I am al-ways singing A  
2. I can-not keep from singing Since that glad day, When Jesus took, in mer-cy, My  
3. His love each day is growing More sweet to me, Each day new grace and beauty In



glad-some song; Ah, well do I re-mem-ber When song be-gan to start, 'Twas Je-sus  
sins a-way; He o-pened up a fountain Whence streams of gladness start, 'Twas Je-sus  
Him I see; For all this world can of-fer From Him I would not part, Since He has



## CHORUS.



set the mu-sic Ringing in my heart. In my heart . . . He set the mu-sic ringing,

*In my heart*



In my life . . . a heav'ly gladness bring-ing; Ah, well do I re-mem-ber

*In my life*



*rit.*

in my heart.

When song be-gan to start, 'Twas Je-sus set the mu-sic Ringing, ringing in my heart.



## Glorious Freedom.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

ALFRED JUDSON.

1. Once I was bound by sin's gall-ing fet-ters, Chained like a slave I  
 2. Free-dom from all the car- ual af-fec-tions, Free-dom from en- vy,  
 3. Free-dom from pride and all sin- ful fol- lies, Free-dom from love and  
 4. Free-dom from fear with all of its tor-ments, Free-dom from care with

struggled in vain; But I re- ceived a glo- ri- ous free - dom,  
 ha - tred and strife; Free-dom from vain and world- ly am - bi - tions,  
 glit - ter of gold; Free-dom from e - vil temp - er and an - ger,  
 all of its pain; Free-dom in Christ my bless-ed Re-deem - er.

## CHORUS.

When Je - sus broke my fet - ters in twain. }  
 Free - dom from all that saddened my life. }  
 Glo - ri - ous free - dom, rap - ture un - told. }  
 He who has rent my fet - ters in twain. } Glo - ri - ous free - dom,

won - der - ful free - dom, No more in chains of sin I re - pine! Je - sus the

glo - ri - ous E - man - ci - pa - tor, Now and for ev - er He shall be mine.

# I Have Left All.

13

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

CLYDE WILLARD.

1. I have left all to fol-low my Sav-iour, Where He may lead by night or by day;
2. I have left all to fol-low my Sav-iour, Ev'-ry de-sire I merge in His will;
3. I have left all to fol-low my Sav-iour, All of my pride and sin-ful de-sires;
4. I have left all to fol-low my Sav-iour, Nev-er will I turn back to the world;

And I'm resolved that I will be faith-ful To my dear Friend the whole of the way.  
Tho' He may walk the val-ley of sor-row, All of the way I'll go with Him still.  
Willing to be conformed to His im-age, Ready to do whate'er He re-quires.  
Then I shall reign with Je-sus in glo-ry, Af-ter the stars from heaven are hurl'd.

CHORUS.

I have left all . . . . . to fol-low my Sav - iour, To fol - low my  
I have left all to fol - low, to fol - low my Sav-iour, To

Lord . . . each hour of the day, . . . . . I have left all . . . . . to fol-low my  
fol-low my Lord, each hour of the day, I have left all to fol-low, to

Sav - iour, Will-ing to go . . . . . each step of the way. . . . .  
fol-low my Sav-iour, Will-ing to go of the way.

## Win Them One by One.

C. A. M.

In march time.

(MARCH SONG FOR MEN.)

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. If to Christ our on - ly King  
 2. Side by side we stand each day,  
 3. On - ly cow - ards dare re-fuse,  
 4. Not for hope of great re-wa rd

Men re-deemed we strive to bring,  
 Saved are we, but lost are they;  
 Dare this gift cf God mis-use;  
 Turn men's hearts un - to the Lord;

Just one way may this be done—We must win them one by one.  
 They will come if we but dare Speak a word back'd up by pray'r.  
 Ere some friend goes to his grave, Speak a word his soul to save.  
 Just to see a saved man smile Makes the ef - fort well worth while.

## CHORUS.

{ So, you bring the one next to you, And I'll bring the one next to me; In  
 { If you'll bring the one next to you, And I bring the one next to me; In

all kinds of weather, we'll all work togeth - er, And see what can be done;

no time at all we'll have them all, So win them, win them one by one.

# Still Sweeter Every Day.

15

W. C. MARTIN.

AUSTIN MILLER.

1. To Je-sus ev'-ry day I find my heart is clos-er drawn; He's fair-er than the
2. His glo-ry broke up-on me when I saw him from a-far; He's fair-er than the
3. My heart is sometimes heavy, but he comes with sweet relief; He folds me to his

glo-ry of the gold and pur-pledawn; He's all my fan-cy pict-ures in its  
lil-y, bright-er than the morn-ing star; He fills and sat-is-fies my long-ing  
bos-om when I droop with blighting grief; I love the Christ who all my bur-dens

fairest dreams, and more; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day be-fore.  
spir-it o'er and o'er; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day be-fore.  
in his bod-y bore; Each day he grows still sweeter than he was the day be-fore.

## CHORUS.

The half . . . . . can-not be fan-cied this side . . . . . the golden  
The half can-not be fan-cied on this side the golden shore, The half can-not be fan-cied on this

shore; O there . . . . . he'll be still sweeter than he ev-er was be-fore.  
side the golden shore; O there he'll be still sweeter than he ever was before, than he

## A New Name in Glory.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I was once a sinner, but I came Pardon to receive from my Lord.  
 2. I was humbly kneeling at the Cross Fearing naught but God's angry frown.  
 3. In the Book 'tis written "Sav'd by Grace," O the joy that came to my soul.

This was freely given, and I found That He always kept His word,  
 When the heavens o-pened and I saw That my name was writ-ten down.  
 Now I am for-giv-en and I know By the blood I am made whole.  
 kept His word.

CHORUS.

There's a new name written down in glo-ry, And it's mine, O yes, it's mine!  
 And it's mine, yes, it's mine.

And the white robed an-gels sing the sto-ry, "A sin-ner has come home,"  
 has come home.

For there's a new name writ-ten down in Glo-ry, And it's mine, O yes, it's  
 And it's mine,

mine! With my sins for- giv-en I am bound for heav-en, Nev - er-more to roam.  
yes, it's mine!

## My Business Here.

F. E. H.

F. E. HATHAWAY.

1. It may be on the rug - ged plain Where lurks the treacherous foe,
2. It may be in the val - ley low Or on the moun-tain peak,
3. So a - ny-where my lot is cast He may de - pend on me,

Or out a - cross the roll - ing sea My King will bid me go.  
But ev - 'ry where that I may go, For Je - sus I will speak.  
For I'm com - mis-sioned by His word, And faith - ful I will be.

CHORUS.

{ My busi-ness here . . . . . is ver - y clear . . . . . In pal - ace  
I've work to do, I've news to bring; . . . . . (Omit . . . . .  
{ My busi-ness here is ver - y clear  
I've work to do, I've news to bring;

or in pal - ace or in home so drear. . . . . I'm here on business for my King.

## For God so Loved the World.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. A sto - ry sweet and won - drous, Like heav'n - ly mu - sic swells;  
 2. When, griev-ing, brok - en heart - ed, Be - cause of sin and shame,  
 3. This love, be - yond all meas - ure Of earth or sea or sky,  
 4. Come, broth - er, come to Je - sus; His word was meant for you;

In chim - ings clear to all who will hear, Ring out the Gos - pel bells.  
 We find a joy earth can - not de - stroy, Be - liev - ing on His name.  
 Could on - ly show its full o - ver - flow, When Je - sus came to die.  
 His grace re - ceive, His prom - ise be - lieve, And sing His praise a - new.

CHORUS.

For God so loved the world, that He gave His on - ly be -

got - ten Son, that who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in Him, who - so -

ev - er be - liev - eth in Him Should not per - ish, should not

per - ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life. ev - er - last - ing life.

**Some Day He'll Make It Plain.**

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

ADAM GEIBEL.

*Solo, or all in unison.*

1. I do not know why oft 'round me My hopes all shat-ter'd seem to be;
2. I can - not tell the depth of love, Which moves the Father's heart a - bove;
3. Tho' tri-als come thro' pass-ing days, My life will still be fill'd with praise;

God's perfect plan I can - not see, . . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.  
 My faith to test, my love to prove, . . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.  
 For God will lead thro' darken'd ways, . . . But some day I'll un-der-stand.

CHORUS.

Some day he'll make it plain to me, Some day when I his face shall see;

Some day from tears I shall be free, For some day I shall un - der - stand.

## If Jesus Goes with Me.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. It may be in the val - ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the  
 2. It may be I must car - ry the bless - ed word of life A-cross the burn-ing  
 3. But if it be my por - tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their  
 4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judgments of my Lord, It is but mine to

sun - shine that I, in peace a - bide; But this one thing I know— if  
 des - erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to  
 bur - dens be - yond the bil - low's foam, I'll prove my faith in him— con-  
 fol - low the lead - ings of his Word; But if to go or stay, or

it be dark or fair, If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!  
 bear my col - ors there, If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where!  
 fess his judgments fair And, if he stays with me, I'll stay an - y - where!  
 whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav - iour, con-tent an - y - where!

## CHORUS.

If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where! 'Tis heav-en to me, Wher-  
 I'll go

e'er I may be, If he is there! I count it a priv - i - lege here His  
 His cross, his

# If Jesus Goes With Me.—Concluded.

21

cross to bear; . . . If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go An - y - where!  
cross, his cross to bear;

## Does Jesus Care?

Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Does Je-sus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for mirth and song;
2. Does Je-sus care when my way is dark With a name-less dread and fear?
3. Does Je-sus care when I've tried and failed To re-sist some tempa-tion strong;
4. Does Je-sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear-est on earth to me,

As the bur-dens press, and the cares dis-tress, And the way grows wea-ry and long?  
As the day-light fades in-to deep night shades, Does he care e-nough to be near?  
When for my deep grief I find no re-lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?  
And my sad heart aches till it nearly breaks—Is it aught to him? Does he see?

CHORUS.

O yes, he cares; I know he cares, His heart is touched with my grief;

ad lib.

rit.

When the days are wea-ry, the long nights drear-y, I know my Sav-iour cares.....  
he cares.

## Come Let Us Anew.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Arr. by CLYDE WILLARD.

2/4 time, treble clef, key signature of one sharp. The music consists of a single line of notes on a staff.

1. { Come let us a - new our journey pur - sue, Roll round with the year,  
 His a - dor - a - ble will let us glad - ly ful - fill, And our talents im - prove,

2/4 time, bass clef, key signature of one sharp. The music consists of a single line of notes on a staff.

Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear. }  
 And our tal - ents im - prove, By the patience of hope, and the la - bor of love. }

2/4 time, bass clef, key signature of one sharp. The music consists of a single line of notes on a staff.

2 Our life is a dream, our time, as a stream,

||: Glides swiftly away, :||

And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

The arrow is flown, the moment is gone;

||: The millennial year :||

Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day of his coming may say,

||: "I have fought my way through; :|| [do!]"

I have finished the work thou didst give me to

O that each from his Lord may receive the glad

||: "Well and faithfully done! :|| [word,

Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

## What a Wonderful Saviour!

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

2/4 time, treble clef, key signature of one sharp. The music consists of a single line of notes on a staff.

1. Christ has for sin a-tonement made, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour! We are re -  
 2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour! That rec - on -  
 3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour! And now He  
 4. He walks be - side me all the way, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour! And keeps me

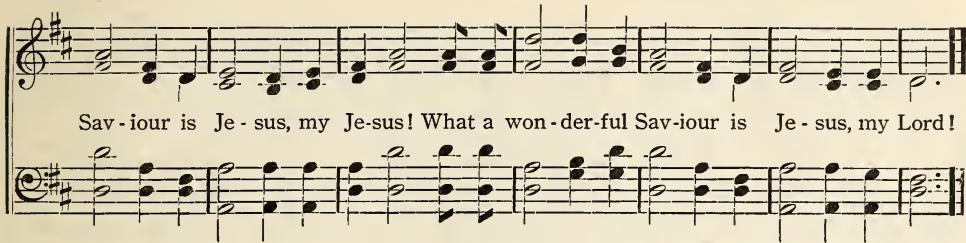
2/4 time, bass clef, key signature of one sharp. The music consists of a single line of notes on a staff.

CHORUS.

2/4 time, bass clef, key signature of one sharp. The music consists of a single line of notes on a staff.

deemed! the price is paid! What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!  
 ciled my soul to God; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour! } What a won - der - ful  
 reigns and rules with - in; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour! } What a won - der - ful  
 faith - ful day by day; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!

2/4 time, bass clef, key signature of one sharp. The music consists of a single line of notes on a staff.



### Sweet Fellowship.

"My meditation of Him shall be sweet."—Ps. 104: 34.

R. R.

Rev. RICHARD RADCLIFFE.



He brings the heal-ing for my soul, He speaks the word that makes me whole.  
His pres-ence sheds a light di-vine, That lum-in-ate's this path of mine.  
He rich-ly dwells with-in my heart, And ne'er from me will He de-part.

CHORUS.



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Suggested Choruses to follow—"Where Jesus is 'tis Heaven;" "O Beulah Land."

## I Have Heaven Here.

Rev. JAMES BRUCE MACKAY.

CLYDE WILLARD.

1. Since I have found my Saviour, Each day He grows more dear, My life is  
 2. I have no con-dem-na-tion, But joy and peace with-in, I made a  
 3. I'm walk-ing in the high-way, Where nothing can an-noy, God's love my  
 4. I've put the world be-hind me, I've noth-ing now to fear. Its charms can-

## CHORUS.

chang'd complete-ly, And I have heav-en here.  
 full sur-ren-der, For vic-t'ry o-ver sin. } O I have heaven here,  
 soul is fill-ing, And I have heaven's joy. } not al-lure me, For I have heav-en here.

heav-en here,

Yes, I have heav-en here, My soul is all a-flame. With the love of

heav-en here,

Je-sus' pre-cious name, For I have heav-en here, Yes, I have heav-en

heav-en here,

here, Since Je-sus dwells with-in my soul, O I have heav-en here.

heav-en here,

L. S. L

DUET. *Espressivoso.*

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. God's way is the best way, Tho' I may not see Why sor-rows and tri - als  
 2. God's way is the best way, My path He hath plann'd, I'll trust in Him al - way  
 3. God's way shall be my way, He know-eth the best. And lean-ing up - on Him,

Oft gath-er 'round me; He ev - er is seek - ing My gold to re - fine,  
 While hold-ing His hand. In shad-ow or sun - shine He ev - er is near,  
 Sweet, sweet is my rest. No harm shall be - fall me, Safe, safe shall I be,

CHORUS. *Animato.*

So hum-bly I trust Him, My Sav-iour di - vine. }  
 With Him for my ref - uge, I nev - er need fear. } God's way is the best way,  
 I'll cling to Him ev - er, So pre-cious is He. }

rit.....

God's way is the right way, I'll trust in Him al - way, He knoweth the best.

## Dwelling in Beulah Land.

C. A. M.

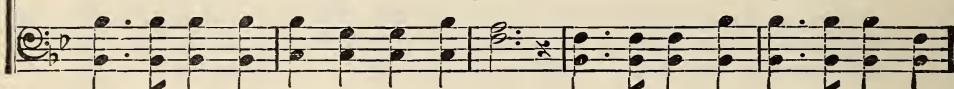
C. AUSTIN MILES.



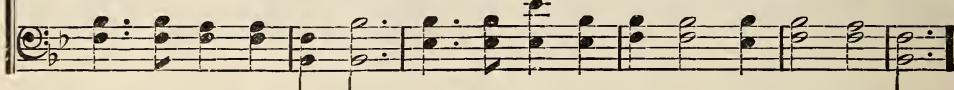
1. Far a-way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall - ing, Then I know the  
 2. Far be - low the storm of doubt up - on the world is beat - ing, Sons of men in  
 3. Let the storm-y breez - es blow, their cry can - not a - larm me, I am safe - ly  
 4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con - tem - pla - tion, Hear - ing now his



sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand. Doubt and fear and things of earth in  
 bat - tle long the en - e - my with-stand. Safe am I with - in the cas - tle  
 shel-ter'd here pro - tect - ed by God's hand. Here the sun is al - ways shin-ing,  
 bless - ed voice, I see the way he plann'd. Dwell-ing in the Spir - it, here I



vain to me are call - ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.  
 of God's word re - treat - ing, Noth - ing then can reach me— 'tis Beu - lah Land.  
 here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah Land.  
 learn of full sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah Land.



## CHORUS.

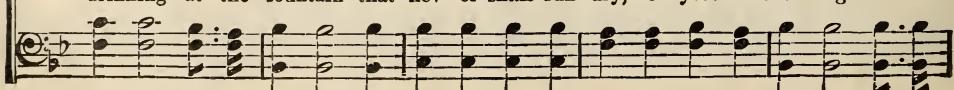


I'm liv - ing on the mountain, un - der -neath a cloud-less sky, I'm

Praise God



drinking at the fountain that nev - er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the





man-na from a boun-ti-ful sup-ply For I am dwell-ing in Beu-lah Land.



### Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. Baring Gould.

(GERTRUDE. 6s. 5s. D.)

A. S. Sullivan.



1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus,
2. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je-sus
3. On-ward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voic-es



Go-ing on be-fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-against the foe;  
Con-stant will re-main; Gates of hell can nev-er 'Gainst that Church pre-vail;  
In the tri-umph-song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or, Un-to Christ the King;



#### REFRAIN.



For-ward in-to bat-tle, See, His ban-ners go. } We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can-not fail. } Onward, Christian sol-diers,  
This thro' countless a-ges, Men and an-gels sing.



March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je-sus, Go-ing on be-fore.



J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O bles - ed Lord, to Thee I'm com - ing, My lit - tle all to  
 2. I need Thy help, O bles - ed Sav - iour, I'm tired of sin and  
 3. Let self die out, O Gal - i - le - an, My conquer'd heart for -

give to Thee; My stub-born will I yield for - ev - er, Have Thine own  
 doubt and fear; My will to Thee I now sur - ren - der, O bles - ed  
 ev - er Thine; At one with Thee, O blest Re - deem - er, Thou art my

*rit.* *CHORUS. a tempo. cres.*

way, 'tis best for me. } Have Thine own way, Lord, have Thine own  
 Lord, be ev - er near. }  
 King, my Lord di - vine. }

way, All on the al - tar I glad - ly lay; Thou art the

Pot - ter, I am the clay, Have Thine own way, have Thine own way.

# God Has Blotted Them Out.

29

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A. A. PAYN.

CLYDE WILLARD.

1. My sins be - came so heav - y, My soul was filled with dread,  
2. My God will not re - mem - ber, The sins He blot - ted out,  
3. O sin - ner, why not take it, To you the prom - ise giv'n,

I sought the bless - ed Bi - ble, And this is what I read:-  
It is no cause for won - der That in my joy I shout:-  
Will make your life a bless - ing, And earth seem more like heav'n.

## God Has Blotted Them Out.

Copyright, 1925, by Geo. W. Cooke. Used by per.

GEO. W. COOKE.

CHORUS.

God has blotted them out, I'm hap - py, glad and free; God has blotted them out,

I'll turn to I - sa - iah and see, Chap - ter for - ty - four, Twen - ty - two and

three; He's blot - ted them out, And now I can shout, For that means me.

F. F. WALTERS.

B. D. ACKLEY.



1. Je - sus Thy lov - ing call we hear, Call - ing to work for Thee,  
 2. Lord we have heard Thee call - ing long, Un - to a har - vest great,  
 3. Fill us with love Thy work to do, From dawn till set - ting sun;



Glad - ly we come with heart sin - cere, Thy will, our all to be.  
 Help us to raise a fall - en throng, To heav - en's high es - tate.  
 In ev - 'ry heart Thy strength re - new, Un - til our task is done.



## CHORUS.



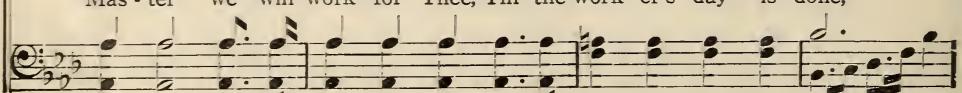
Mas - ter we will work for Thee, Till the shad - ows flee a - way,  
 a-way,



Mas - ter we will work for Thee, Till the dawn - ing of the day;.....  
 the day;



Mas - ter we will work for Thee, Till the work - er's day is done,



We will work where Je - sus calls us, Till the crown is won.  
the crown is won.

## In My Heart.

L. S. L.  
*Not too fast.*

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. In my heart the Sav-iour now is dwell-ing, From my sins He set me free;  
2. In my heart a wondrous change took place, When Jesus sweet-ly said to me:  
3. In my heart there is a set-tled peace, The world can nev - er take a - way;

He is mine and I am His for - ev - er, For the blood a - vails for me.  
"I have called you to be My dis - ci - ple, Take your cross and fol-low me."  
Je - sus sat - is - fies my ev - 'ry long-ing, With His presence fills each day.

for me.  
fol-low me.  
each day.

CHORUS.

In my heart He reigns to - day, Hal - le - lu - jah, what a Sav-iour, For He

came one day, and He came to stay, In my heart to live for - ev - er.

## A Loving Heart.

Written for and Dedicated to James A. Mason.

C. AUSTIN MILES.  
SOLO.

CLINTON D. LOWDEN.

1. 'Mid the throng in which I'm dai - ly liv - ing There must be one who  
 2. Lov-ing hearts that beat in hap - py un - ion With those who need a  
 3. High and low may seek and sure - ly find Him; He trav - els best who

needs a ten - der word; Be it mine, the ho - ly joy of  
 mes - sage from a - bove. Are not gained ex - cept from sweet com -  
 jour - neys with the Lord, Blest the bonds that to the Sav - iour

giv - ing That to - ken in the name of Christ, my Lord.....  
 mun - ion With Him whose heart still o - ver - flows with love.....  
 bind Him As they to - geth - er walk in one ac - cord.

## CHORUS.

{ Give me, O Lord,..... a lov-ing heart..... That reaches out to touch a  
 His burden bear,..... His sor-row share;..... (Omit.....  
 1. Give me, O Lord,

soul with love di - vine,..... Give me a lov - ing heart, dear Lord, like Thine.

# Running Over.

33

SETH SYKES.

W. GARDNER HUNTER.

## CHORUS.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. My life - boat is sail - ing a - cross the sea of time And wild the winds are  
 2. My faith is un - shak - en in spite of ma - ny foes; What God has un - der -  
 3. There yet is a Pow - er that saves from ev 'ry sin, 'Tis prov - en ev 'ry



wail - ing with doubt from ev - 'ry clime, But Je - sus is my Pi - lot, I  
 tak - en the wise will not op - pose; He sent His Son to save us and  
 hour when it has en - tered in, I can - not keep from cry - ing, "Be -



do not fear the wave, My faith is un - shak - en in His pow'r to save.  
 on the cross He died, My faith is un - shak - en in the Cru - ci - fied!  
 hold! The Lamb of God!" My faith is un - shak - en in His par - d'ning blood!



CHORUS.



I shall not be mov'd, I shall not be mov'd, The truth of the Gos - pel I have



prov'd, And like a tree that's plant-ed by the wa - ters, I shall not be mov'd.  
 prov'd, And like a tree that's plant-ed by the wa - ters, I shall not be mov'd.



# Will You Ask Him to Live With You?

35

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

D. M. SHANKS.

1. I dream'd that a stran-ger once came to my door, And He wait - ed my  
 2. I felt at a glance He would be my friend, That my life would be  
 3. Let Je - sus be Guest in your home to - day, Just to know Him will

guest to be, A won - der-ful look on His face He wore, Of com-  
 full of cheer, The vis - it be - gan, nev - er - more to end, For the  
 be to live. A soul full of song will be yours al - way, That the

## CHORUS.

pas - sion and love for me.  
 Christ is my com -rade dear.  
 Sav - iour a - lone can give. } O won - der-ful dream, O beau - ti - ful

dream, That ev - 'ry one can make true, He is liv - ing with

me, my Sav - iour is He, Will you ask Him to live with you?

## The Captain is Calling.

ELsie DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. In the ranks so true there's a place for you, The Cap-tain is call-ing;  
 2. To a con-flict long 'gainst a foe so strong, The Cap-tain is call-ing;  
 3. To a rich re-ward by His wondrous word, The Cap-tain is call-ing;  
 He calls, He calls;

Then en-list to-day serve Him while you may, The Cap-tain calls for you.

As a com-rade brave come the lost to save, The Cap-tain calls for you.

Win a crown of life when shall end earth's strife, The Cap-tain calls for you.

for you.

## CHORUS.

SOPHS. AND ALTOS.

For com-rades loy-al-heart-ed ev-er, The Cap-tain is call-ing;

MALE VOICES.

O come with glad and true en-deav-or, The Cap-tain calls for you.

Then en-list beneath His standard roy-al, Then be read-y both to dare and

# The Captain is Calling.—Concluded.

37

ALL. Parts.

do, The Cap-tain is call - ing, He calls for you.  
He calls, the Cap-tain calls for you.

## O Zion, Haste, Thy Mission High Fulfilling.

MARY ANN THOMSON.

JAMES WALCH.

1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the  
2. Be - hold how ma - ny thou-sands still are ly - ing Bound in the dark - some  
3. Pro - claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na - tion That God, in whom they  
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-ri-ous; Give of thy wealth to  
5. He comes a - gain: O Zi - on, ere thou meet Him, Make known to ev - 'ry

world that God is Light, That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing  
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-iour's dy - ing,  
live and move, is Love; Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,  
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r vic - to - rious;  
heart His sav - ing grace: Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,

REFRAIN.

One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.  
Or of the life He died for them to win.  
And died on earth that man might live a - bove. } Pub - lish glad ti - dings,  
And all thou send - est Je - sus will re - pay. }  
Thro' thy ne - glect, un - fit to see His face.

ti - dings of peace, Ti - dings of Je - sus, re - demp-tion and re - lease.

## Go and Tell.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

Hawaiian Melody.  
Arr. by Clarence Kohlmann.

1. Go and tell un - to all the gos - pel sto - ry, They wait for the  
 2. Tar - ry not, for the day - light hours are fleet - ing, The shades of the  
 3. There is One who is stand - ing, wait-ing, plead - ing, He points to His

light of His word; They wait for the Mes - sen - ger of glo - ry, Of  
 night gath - er fast; To - day in - to yes - ter - day re - treat - ing, But  
 hands and His side; His wounds for the world are in - ter - ced - ing, Go

## CHORUS.

whom they as yet have not heard. } warns thee that time can - not last. } save them for whom He has died. } O who will tell the sto - ry old,

## MALE VOICES.

## SOP. AND ALTO.

ALL. *Unison.*

The sto - ry of re - demption ev - er new? . . . . . O who will

## Parts.

bring them to the fold? The Lord is wait - ing for you. (for you.)

# Standing on the Promises.

39

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal  
 2. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es that can - not fail, When the howl - ing  
 3. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es I now can see Per - fect, pres - ent  
 4. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e -  
 5. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es I can - not fail, List - 'ning ev - 'ry

a - ges let His prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,  
 storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,  
 cleansing in the blood for me; Stand-ing in the lib - er-ty where Christ makes free,  
 ter - nal - ly by love's strong cord,O - ver-com-ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,  
 mo - ment to the Spir - it's call, Rest - ing in my Sav - iour, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Standing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,  
 Standing on the prom-is-es, Standing on the prom-is-es,

Stand-ing on the prom - is - es of God my Sav - iour; Stand - ing,  
 Standing on the prom - is - es,

stand - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom - is - es of God.  
 Stand-ing on the prom - is - es,

## Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al  
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey, Forth to the mighty  
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength alone; The arm of flesh will  
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His  
 con - flict, In this his glo - ri - ous day; "Ye that are men now serve him" A -  
 fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel arm - or, Each  
 bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song: To him that o - ver - con - eth, A

ar - my shall he lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.  
 against unnumber'd foes; Let courage rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose -  
 piece put on with pray'r: Where duty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.  
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS. Harmony.

Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift

high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss.

# When I Think of the Morning Bright.

41

C. F. W.

C. F. WEIGLE.



1. When the days are drear, and no friends are near, When the way is  
 2. As I bear my cross, and I suf - fer loss, While I walk in  
 3. Tho' the path be steep, and the val - leys deep, On my way to



lost in the night; There's a hope that cheers, drives a - way my fears, When I  
 the way that's right; Like a gold - en dream is the joy su-preme, When I  
 the land of light, There's a song of praise thro' the pass - ing days, When I



CHORUS.



think of the morn-ing bright. When I think of the morn-ing bright,  
 morn-ing bright,



In a land where there is no night, no night, All my fears de -



part, joy o'er - flows my heart, When I think of the morn - ing bright.



42.

## I Would Be True.

HOWARD ARNOLD WALTER.

(PEEK.)

JOSEPH YATES PEEK.

1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be  
 2. I would be friend of all—the foe, the friend-less; I would be  
 pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for  
 giv-ing, and for-get the gift, I would be hum-ble,  
 there is much to suf-fer; I would be brave, for there is  
 for I know my weak-ness; I would look up, and laugh, and  
 much to dare, I would be brave, for there is much to dare.  
 love, and lift, I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

## Into My Heart.

H. D. C.

*Sing prayerfully.*

(MY PRAYER.)

HARRY D. CLARKE.

In - to my heart, In - to my heart, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus;

Come in to - day, Come in to stay, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus.

## Yes, the Lord Can Depend On Me.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There are fields that to har - vest are white, And a reap - er with joy I will be;  
 2. There's a mes - sage to bear far and near, Of a Sav - iour whose love sets us free,  
 3. There are souls who are drift - ing a - way, Let me bring them, dear Lord, un - to Thee;

Golden sheaves will I bring, to my Mas - ter and King, For the Lord can depend on me!  
 And the call ring-ing clear, glad of heart will I hear, For the Lord can depend on me!

I will seek them to-day, I will haste nor de - lay, For the Lord can depend on me!

### CHORUS.

Yes, the Lord can depend on me, Yes, the Lord can depend on me;

on me, on me;

And His name I'll confess, un - to Him I say "Yes," For the Lord can depend on me!

## Marching with the Heroes.

(VIA MILITARIS. 6, 5, 6, 5. D. With Refrain.)

WILLIAM GEORGE TARRANT.  
UNISON.

ADAM GEIBEL.

## REFRAIN. PARTS.

# Since His Love Came In.

45

Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Once the sun was nev - er shin - ing, And the sky was al - ways grey,  
2. I am hap - py in His pres-ence, 'Tis the sweet - est place I know;  
3. I will nev - er, nev - er leave Him, He has prom - ised mine to be,

But my gloom has gone for - ev - er, Since His love came in to stay.....  
And His grace of boundless meas-ure Keeps me safe in weal or woe;.....  
And His love will do for oth - ers, What His love has done for me.....

## CHORUS.

Since His love came in, Since His love came in; Je - sus set the joy-bells  
came in, came in;

ring-ing, And my heart with hope is sing-ing, Since His love came in, Since His  
came in,

love came in, To the bless - ed Lord I'm clinging, Since His love came in.  
came in, His love

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. If the voice of God should come to you to-day, "Con-se-crate to me your all;"
2. By the still small voice your Maker speaks to you, Are you will-ing to o - bey?
3. Can you now with faith your all to Him con-fide, Trusting in His grace a - lone?
4. Tho' you have dark hours in Geth-sem - a - ne, And your eyes are filled with tears;

If He asked of you the treasures held so dear, Would you an-swer to His call?  
 Would you an-swer "Yes" and not a ques-tion ask If it be to go or stay?  
 Can you an-swer "Yes" if God re-quires of you Ev - 'ry com - fort you have known?  
 When the way seems darkest light is sure to break; Trust in God and stay your fears.

## CHORUS.

{ An-swer "Yes" when He calls, For the Lord has work for you to do,  
 { An-swer "Yes" when He calls, And no mat - ter what He says to you,  
 Answer "Yes" when He calls,

1  
 An-swer "Yes" when He calls, And your serv - ice He will bless.  
 Answer "Yes" when He calls, will bless.

2  
 Do not fal - ter, hes - i-tate, nor ask Him "Why?" But an - swer "Yes."

# The City of Gold.

47

L. S. L.

*With expression.*

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. I have read of a cit - y of gold, Which the Sav - iour has  
 2. I have read that its gates are of pearl, If I'm faith - ful they'll  
 3. There's a man - sion for you and for me, And a robe that with

gone to pre - pare; But its glo - ries can nev - er be told, Till we  
 swing wide for me; I shall meet those who've gone on be - fore, And my  
 joy we shall wear; We'll be safe in that cit - y of gold, From the

REFRAIN.

meet 'neath its por - tals so fair. }  
 Sav - iour with joy I shall see. } When I lay my sheaves at His  
 world with its bur - den of care. }

feet, . . . . And I walk up the gold-paved street; . . . . Shall I meet you there?  
 at His feet, gold-paved street;

In the glo - ries to share, Of that beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold.

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Suggested Choruses to follow—"O Think of the Home Over There;" "In the Sweet By and By;" "When the Roll is Called;" "You May Look for Me."

## Living for Jesus.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

Not fast.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. Liv-ing for Je-sus a life that is true, Striv-ing to please Him in  
 2. Liv-ing for Je-sus who died in my place, Bear-ing on Cal-v'ry my  
 3. Liv-ing for Je-sus wher-ev-er I am, Do-ing each du-ty in  
 4. Liv-ing for Je-sus thro'earth's lit-tle while, My dear-est treas-ure, the

all that I do, Yield-ing al-le-giance, glad-heart-ed and free,  
 sin and dis-grace, Such love con-strains me to an-swer His call,  
 His Ho-ly name, Will-ing to suf-fer af-flic-tion and loss,  
 light of His smile, Seek-ing the lost ones He died to re-deem,

\* CHORUS. Unison. Slower.

This is the path-way of bless-ing for me. }  
 Fol-low His lead-ing and give Him my all. }  
 Deem-ing each tri-al a part of my cross. }  
 Bring-ing the wea-ry to find rest in Him. } O Je-sus, Lord and

Sav-iour, I give my-self to Thee, For Thou, in Thy a-tonement, Didst

give Thy-self for me; I own no oth-er Mas-ter, My heart shall be Thy

throne, My life I give, henceforth to live, O Christ, for Thee a - lone.

## As the Branch is to the Vine.

Mrs. J. I. McCLELLAND.

JOHN 15: 1-8.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. As a branch I may a - bide, Wheth-er joy or woe be - tide,  
 2. Dai - ly prun - ing He may see, In my life is best for me.  
 3. I may ask Him what I will, And His Word He will ful - fil.

In my Lord, the liv - ing Vine, That the fruit should not be mine.  
 He per - mits in love, I know, Things that I must un - der - go.  
 Branch-and - Vine Life ev - 'ry day, All a - long my earth - ly way.

CHORUS.

I am His, He is mine, As the branch is to the vine.  
 He is mine, I am His, As the branch to the vine.

I am His, He is mine, Liv - ing with my Lord di - vine.  
 He is mine, I am His,

# 50. In the Land Where the Flowers Bloom Forever.

CAROLYN R. FREEMAN.

B. D. ACKLEY.

SOLO.

1. When the long days of win - ter - time are o - ver, When we  
 2. When no more shall my hopes be turn'd to sigh - ing, When no  
 3. Then I'll pa - tient - ly wait the glo - rious dawn - ing, When my

en - ter the bright, e - ter - nal spring, Neath the sun - light of  
 fears ho - ver dark - ly at my side, Then I know I shall  
 work for the Mas - ter is com - plete, Trust - ing all to the

heav-en's gold - en splen - dor, Then at last how my heart will glad - ly sing.  
 see my blest Re-deem - er, And with lov'd ones shall ev - er-more a - bide.  
 Sav-iour's ten - der keep - ing, Till I lay ev - 'ry bur-den at His feet.

CHORUS. Parts.

In the land where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, When the day beams through -

out the bye - and-bye, Ne'er shall sor - row my soul from rap - ture  
 bye - and-bye,

sev - er, In the land where the flow - ers nev - er die..... shall nev - er die.

With the Ransomed.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I've been re-deem'd by the pre - cious blood, Shed on the cross by the  
 2. What will you do in the judg - ment day, When earth and heav'n shall have  
 3. Why do you lin - ger and yet de - lay? Turn from the wild way of

Son of God, This is my hope, my on - ly plea, That Je - sus died for me.  
 pass'd a - way? When at the bar of God you stand, A - wait - ing His com-mand?  
 sin to - day, Then, when the judgment day shall come Your soul shall find its home.

CHORUS.

With the host of the ransom'd you'll find me, You'll find me, you'll find me, Yes,  
 somewhere in heav-en you'll find me, Pardon'd and sav'd for e - ter - ni - ty.

## Count On Me.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



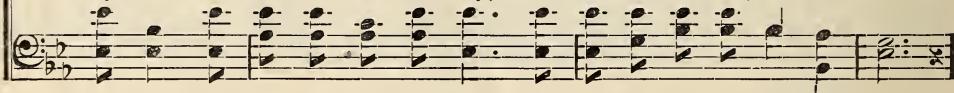
1. The Lord has need of work-ers, to till His field to - day, So  
 2. I count on Thee, dear Mas-ter for cleans-ing in Thy blood, For  
 3. Now gird me for the bat-tle when e - vil pow'rs op - pose, And  
 4. I'll bear an - oth - er's bur - den a - long a lone - ly way, Or



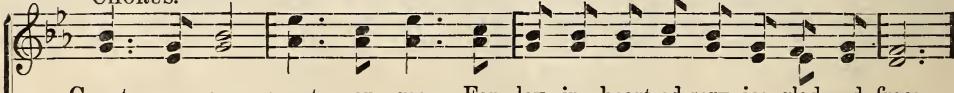
kind - ly He has led me to walk in wis-dom's way; I pray for grace to  
 con-stant streams of bless-ing, a nev - er - fail - ing flood; To ev - er-new fru -  
 give me faith and cour-age to con-quer o'er Thy foes; I pledge Thee my al -  
 teach that bur - den-bear - er with con - fi - dence to pray; In serv - ice ev - er



help me with all my heart to say, O bless-ed Sav-iour, count on me.  
 i - tion I see Thy mer-cies bud, O bless-ed Sav-iour, count on me.  
 le - giance, my soul no oth - er knows, O bless-ed Sav-iour, count on me.  
 loy - al at home or far a - way, O bless-ed Sav-iour, count on me.



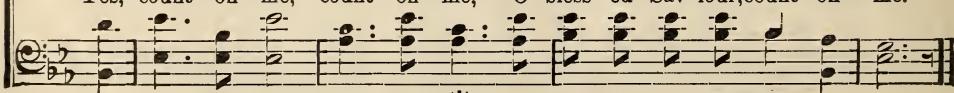
## CHORUS.



Count on me, count on me, For lov - ing-heart-ed serv - ice glad and free;



Yes, count on me, count on me, O bless-ed Sav-iour, count on me.



# Room for Jesus.

53

C. AUSTIN MILES.

H. P. DANKS.



1. Room for Je - sus; can it be,  
 2. Does He yet in - quire in vain  
 3. En - ter in, O Heav'n-ly Guest,  
 4. I, with Christ, am one to - day;

Beth - le - hem could find no place  
 For a place His head to lay?  
 Make my heart Thy dwell - ing fair;  
 Weak - ness I, but strength is He.



For the Christ of Gal - i - lee, —  
 Can I still His plea dis - dain,  
 Then am I for - ev - er blest  
 Will He ev - er with me stay?

Sav - iour of a fall - en race?  
 Let Him turn from me a - way?  
 With my Sav - iour's pres - ence there.  
 Yea, thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.



REFRAIN.



O, my Mas - ter, Thou wilt find . . . Room with - in my heart for Thee; . . .



And I know Thou, ev - er kind, Wilt make room in Thine for me.



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## Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid.

JOHN MASON NEALE.

(STEPHANOS.)

HENRY W. BAKER.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tressed?  
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?—  
 3. Is there di - a - dem, as Mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns?—  
 4. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What His guer - don here?—  
 5. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?—

“Come to me,” saith One, “and com - ing, Be at rest.”  
 “In His feet and hands are wound - prints, And His side.”  
 “Yea, a crown, in ver - y sure - ty; But cf thorns.”  
 “Many a sor - row, many a la - bor, Many a tear.”  
 “Sor - row van - quished, la - bor end - ed, Jor - dan passed.”

6 If I ask Him to receive me,  
 Will He say me nay?—  
 “Not till earth, and not till heaven  
 Pass away.”

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
 Is He sure to bless?—  
 “Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
 Answer, ‘Yes.’”

## Lead On, O King Eternal.

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF.

(LANCASHIRE.)

HENRY SMART.

1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come; Henceforth in fields of  
 2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease, And ho - li-ness shall  
 3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, We fol - low, not with fears, For gladness breaks like

con - quest Thy tents shall be our home; Thro' days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy  
 whis - per The sweet A - men of peace; For not with swords, loud clash - ing, Nor  
 morn - ing Wher-e'er Thy face ap-pears: Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us; We

grace has made us strong, And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat-tie song.  
 roll of stir-ring drums, With deeds of love and mer - cy, The heav'ly kingdom comes.  
 jour-ney in its light; The crown awaits the conquest; Lead on, O God of might.

## The Day of Resurrection.

(TUNE ABOVE.)

1 The day of resurrection,—  
 Earth, tell it out abroad,—  
 The passover of gladness,  
 The passover of God.  
 From death to life eternal,  
 From this world to the sky,  
 Our Christ hath brought us over  
 With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,  
 That we may see aright  
 The Lord in rays eternal  
 Of resurrection light,

And, listening to His accents,  
 May hear, so calm and plain,  
 His own "All hail!" and hearing,  
 May raise the victor-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,  
 Let earth her song begin,  
 Let the round world keep triumph  
 And all there is within,  
 Invisible and visible,  
 Their notes let all things blend;  
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,  
 Our Joy that hath no end.

—John of Damascus. Translated by JOHN M. NEALE.

## We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

(SERENITY.)

WILLIAM V. WALLACE.

1. We may not climb the heaven - ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;  
 2. But warm, sweet, ten - der, e - ven yet A pre - sent help is He,  
 3. The heal - ing of the seam - less dress Is by our beds of pain;  
 4. Thro' Him the first fond pray'rs are said Our lips of child-hood frame;  
 5. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, What-e'er our name or sign,

In vain we search the low - est deeps, From Him no depths can drown.  
 And faith has still its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.  
 We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.  
 The last low whis-pers of our dead Are bur - dened with His name.  
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine!

MARY A. LATHEBURY.

WILLIAM F. SHEBWIN.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst

2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst

break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page  
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease,

I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!  
All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All - in - All.

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## Holy Bible, Book Divine.

JOHN BURTON.

IGNACE J. PLEVYL.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine:  
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Say - iour's love;  
3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suf - f'ring in this wil - der - ness;  
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom:

Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to tell me what I am.  
Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pun - ish or re - ward.  
Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death.  
O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.

# I Gave My Life for Thee.

57

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

PHILIP P. BLISS.

1. I gave My life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might' st ransomed be, And  
 2. My Father's house of light, My glo - ry - circled throne I left for earthly night. For  
 3. I suffered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bitterest ag - o - ny, To  
 4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home above, Sal - va - tion full and free, My

quickened from the dead. I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me? wand'rings sad and lone; I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me? res - cue thee from hell; I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me? par - don and My love; I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

## All Hail the Power.

E. PERRONET.

(CORONATION. C. M.)

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall;  
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,  
 3. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

## Go to Dark Gethsemane.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

(GETHSEMANE.)

RICHARD REDHEAD.

1. Go to dark Geth - sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempt'er's pow'r;  
 2. See Him at the judg - ment hall, Beat - en, bound, re - viled, ar-raigned;  
 3. Cal - v'ry's mourn - ful moun - tain climb; There a - dor - ing at His feet,

Your Re - deem - er's con - flict see; Watch with Him one bit - ter hour;  
 See Him meek - ly bear - ing all; Love to man His soul sus - tained;  
 Mark that mir - a - cle of time, God's own sac - ri - fice com - plete:

Turn not from His griefs a - way; Learn of Je - sus Christ to pray.  
 Shun not suf - f'ring, shame or loss; Learn of Christ to bear the cross.  
 "It is fin - ished!" Hear Him cry; Learn of Je - sus Christ to die.

## Saviour, Thy Dying Love.

S. DRYDEN PHELPS.

(SOMETHING FOR JESUS.)

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Sav - iour! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I  
 2. Give me a faith - ful heart, Like - ness to Thee, That each de -  
 3. All that I am and have, Thy gifts so free, Ev - er in

aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow, My heart ful -  
 part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of  
 joy or grief, My Lord, for Thee; And when Thy face I see, My ransomed

fill its vow, Some of - fring bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee.  
 kind - ness done, Some wan - d'r er sought and won, Some - thing for Thee.  
 soul shall be, Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Some - thing for Thee.

## Lord, Speak to Me, that I May Speak.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

(CANONBURY.)

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone;  
 2. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach, The pre - cious things Thou dost im - part;  
 3. O fill me with Thy ful - ness, Lord, Un - til my ver - y heart o'er - flow  
 4. O use me, Lord use e - ven me, Just as Thou wilt, and when and where;

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy err - ing chil - dren, lost and lone.  
 And wing my words, that they may reach The hid - den depths of many a heart.  
 In kind - ling tho't and glow - ing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.  
 Un - til Thy bless - ed face I see, Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glo - ry share.

## There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.

1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wide - ness of the sea; There's a kind - ness  
 in His justice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.

2 If our love were but more simple, We should take Him at His word ;  
 And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.

3 For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind ;  
 And the heart of the Eternal Is most wonderfully kind.

## Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise;  
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword; Our pray'r at - tend;  
 3. Come ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour;  
 4. To the great One in Three, E - ter - nal prais - es be, Hence ev - er-more!

Fa - ther! all-glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!  
 Come, and Thy people bless, And give Thy word success, Spirit of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.  
 Thou, who almighty art, Now rule in ev'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'r!  
 His sov'reign maj-es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

## Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

FINE

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;  
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;  
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar

D.C.—Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 D.C.—Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 D.C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot Thee."

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
 Boist - rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou sayst to them, "Be still!"  
 'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

## My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the follies of sin I re-sign;  
 2. I love Thee because Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchas'd my pardon on Cal - va - ry's tree;  
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;  
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav-en so bright;

# My Jesus, I Love Thee.—Concluded.

61

My gracious Re-deem-er, my Sav-iour art Thou; If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.  
 I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow, If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.  
 And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow: "If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now."  
 I'll sing with the glit-tering crown on my brow: "If ev-er I loved Thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now."

## Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa-ter and the blood  
 2. Could my tears for-ev-er flow, Could my zeal no languor know, These for sin could not a-tone;  
 3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown,

From Thy wounded side which flow'd, Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.  
 Thou must save, and Thou a-lone: In my hand no price I bring Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.  
 And behold Thee on Thy thron, Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee..

## Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Nearer my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee; E'en tho' it be across That rais-eth me;  
 2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;  
 3. There let the way appear Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me, In mer-cy giv'n;  
 4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise;  
 5. Or if, on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Up-ward I fly;

Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!  
 An-gels to beck-on me, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!  
 So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!  
 Still all my song shall be Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

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